PROFITABLE DAIRYING

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Problems Up to Dairymen

With all the great advantages that dairy farming presents, it has without doubt its disadvantages, and many of them, so that the farmer who anticipates entering dairying as a business must not do so with the idea that there is nothing to be found in the business except profits.

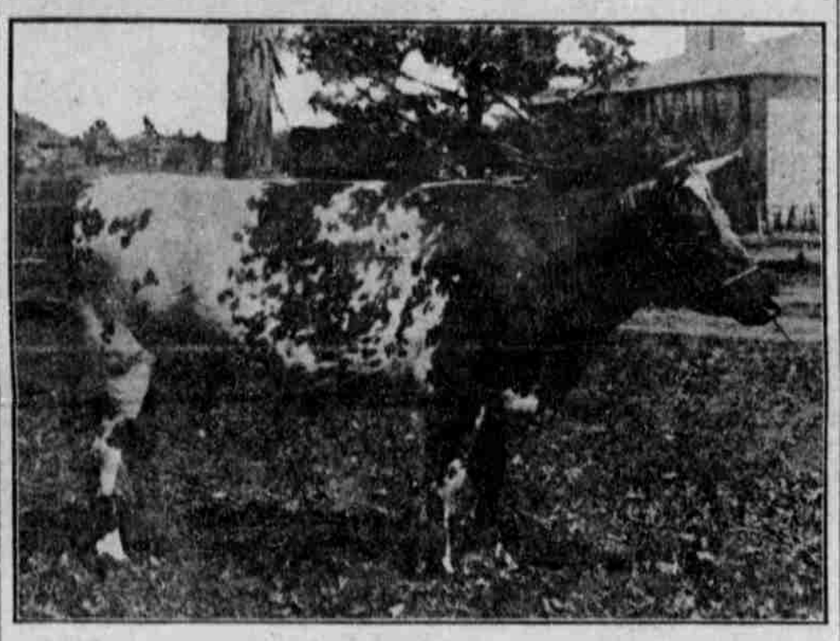
The dairy cow is more nearly an artificial being than any other animal to be found upon the farm for, as a matter of fact, there was a time when her whole and sole duty was to beget a likeness of herself and produce milk in quantities only sufficiently large for the sustenance of her offspring and often for a period of only five or six months, when the youngster was weaned and compelled to work out his own salvation on the grasses of the prairies. But realizing the opportunities for developing the maternal instincts in this individual animal, man has taken and developed her to the point where at the present time we find that she not only reproduces herself but she also supplies milk in quantities sufficiently large to raise her offspring and supply to her owner a large and profitable amount of milk and butter-fat daily. In bringing about

When, finally, the farmer has made up his mind to actually begin dairying, the first question which presents itself to him, and the one which he asks more frequently than any other, is which breed of cows is the best for dairy purposes? There is probably no question to which it is so difficult to reply. It is easy to tell him that he should utilize one of the four dairy breeds. This is not enough, for he wishes to know which of the four breeds of dairy cows is the best. An unprejudiced reply to this question will always bring the answer that there are good cows and poor cows in every dairy breed, and the good cows of one breed are much better than the poor cows of another breed in every instance. And, after selecting the breed suitable to the conditions of the farm, the likes and dislikes of the owner, then it is a matter of selecting the good individual cows of that breed. There is a far greater difference between the individual cows to be found in any one of the four particular dairy breeds than there is to be found between the breeds themselves as a whole. There probably has been in the past a place perhaps to produce fairly good results from the standpoint of milk and butter production and fairly good results from the standpoint of the production of beef calves. Now, it is possible undoubtedly, to select cows of the beef breeds that will produce during the year an average of from 100 to 200 pounds of butter. More often, however, it is found that such a herd produces more nearly an average of 100 pounds of butter than 200 pounds; and, then, of course, the calves from these cows, being bred along beef lines, if raised and cared for properly, will prove fairly profitable from the standpoint of beef production. It is the buyer of beef that always advises the farmer to use dual purpose cattle for his farm and dairy for what might be termed the dual purpose cow, and likely in the future there will be some such place. It is not likely, however, that the man who has given the matter thorough consideration and study and wishes to conduct his dairy farm on business principles and from the standpoint of the greatest possible net profit, can be lured into the belief that he should install upon his farm dual purpose cattle or animals having the power rather than beef cattle, because he realizes that the time has come when it is unprofitable for the farmer to keep a cow for the entire year solely for the production of a calf; but it is possible, if she produces in addition to a calf which may be valued at from $5 to $10, 100 pounds of butter-fat which at this time is worth nearly $30, that she may be and probably is a source of real profit because, kept under the very cheapest conditions, her feed may not cost more than $30 and it may be estimated that the calf is worth $10. Now, if a grade calf, from the standpoint of beef production can be valued at more than $10 at the time it is born, I would like to have some one advise me. There are thousands of them being sold that do not bring this much money and there is a possibility of their being bought for less than $10 and placed upon the farm and raised and fed into remarkable beef steers. This being the case, it is the height of folly to give the cow any more credit for the calf she has produced than $10.

Now, the question is, can the farmer or dairyman afford to keep a cow all year that will not produce him more than from 100 to 200 pounds of butter fat for the purpose of producing a $10 calf? This is a question of real importance and one that should be solved by every farmer in determining which breed of dairy cows is best for his purposes. But this is not the only allurement presented by the dual purpose cow; there is another that is of real value in dollars and cents, and every dairyman has been advised that the dual purpose cow, after she has served her period of usefulness in the dairy, can be fattened up and sold for beef and will bring probably $10 more as a canner than will her sister, the dairy cow. Now, the period of usefulness of a cow is, or should be, about ten years, so that this means the beef cow is more valuable by $1 per year than is the dairy cow. Adding this to the valuation we have ascribed to the beef calf, we find that the dual purpose cow, producing an average of from 100 to 200 pounds of butter fat per year, has to her credit also $11 over and above that which the dairy cow has, providing we lead ourselves to believe, as many have done, that the real dairy cow will have bull calves every year that are fit for nothing except to be killed at once. The time is rapidly coming, however, if not here already, when the farmer is to know that every heifer calf from a real dairy cow that has produced from 400 to 700 pounds of butter during the year, is worth more money the day it is born than are the two calves from one of the common beefier types of cows produced in two consecutive years, providing they be alternately male and female. But for the purpose of deciding in an unprejudiced manner which is the best breed for the dairy, we will leave out of consideration for the present time the value of the dairy cow's calves and take it for granted that they are destroyed immediately upon birth and we will allow the calf, whether male or female, from the dual purpose cow, to be worth $10 at birth, and further allow $1 per year in the valuation of the beefy type of cow, believing that when she is ready to die her carcass will be worth that much more to put in tin cans.

The 140 Pound Cow.

This is the type of cows that are being milked, the average production of which is 140 pounds. There are many herds of real dairy cows that are averaging from 300 to 400 pounds of butter a year, and taking this out of consideration we would probably find that the dual purpose cow or the cow of a beefy nature, with the power of producing a beef steer or a dairy heifer, is producing in butter fat quite likely about 100 pounds per year. Taking for granted that the herself is producing 140 pounds of butter per year on the average—and she is no more than paying for her keep from the standpoint of the butter she produces—and giving to her owner each year a calf, some skimmed milk for the pigs, and adding to the fertility of the farm, there is very little reason to complain about her existence, because in all liability she is a profitable animal to the farmer and, without doubt, more largely so than most any other animal on the farm. But the question that arises is whether or not she is making the profit that should be made from an animal upon which there is bestowed so much feed, care and labor. We have only to look to the herds that are producing an average of from 300 to 400 pounds of butter per year to be in a position to answer in the negative. Were we to sacrifice the calf and the extra value of the carcass of the cow at the time of death, an annual valuation to the of amount of $11, and select instead of that a cow that will produce twice as much butter fat, or 280 pounds, and sell it for 28 cents, which has been less than the average price received by most dairymen during the past year, we would have instead of $11, $78.40.



A Dual Purpose Cow—She Makes Beef Out of a Part of Her Feed.

A Corner in Ancestors

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON

Hayes Family

The Hayes family has enough romance, in its history, to stock a three-volume novel.

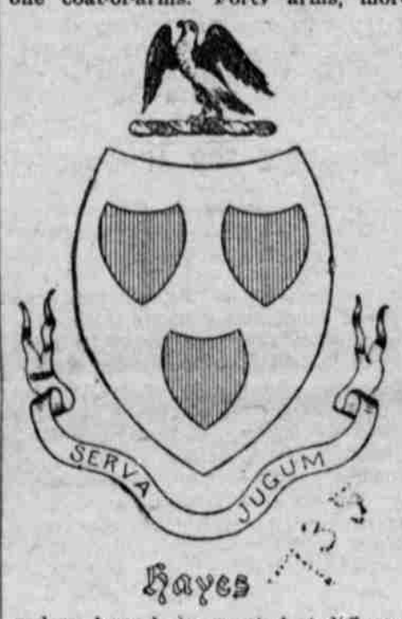
The romance begins with the origin of the name, in 980, A. D., and at the battle of Loncarty, when, in the time of Kenneth, III., the Danes invaded Scotland. At the battle, the Scots fleeing before the enemy, were stopped by a countryman, of great strength and courage, and his two sons. Their only weapons were the yokes of their ploughs. The three brave men rallied the troops, the battle was renewed, and the Danes fled, defeated.

The old man, wounded, and lying on the ground, cried out, "heigh! heigh!" which translated in modern language, is the equivalent of "hurrah! hurrah!"

It is easy to understand how this word became the Hay, Hays, or Hayes of to-day, after of course, passing through a process of evolution.

"Let him be called Heigh," proclaimed the king, "and his posterity forever more." And thus it was, with the gift of as much land in Perthshire, as a falcon should fly over without alighting. The falcon, (knowing what was expected of him) made it exactly six miles, alighting upon a stone, which is called Falconstone. The record is quite explicit upon this point. The falcon was granted as a crest, and three shields or escutcheons—one for each man—were the charges, with the motto "Serva Jugum."

This then is one theory of the origin of the name, and the granting of one coat-of-arms. Forty arms, more



or less, have been granted at different times, to branches of the Hayes, Hays and Hay families. Heyes is also another form of the name.

Hay is the Scottish form of the name, and Hayes the English. In Kent and Middlesex, there are towns called Hayes.

If there are those who do not accept the theory of the origin of the name Hayes here given, other theories are at hand. One traces the word to the Sanskrit kak, pronounced in English, like hag, or hagh. It means to surround, or gird, and from it, are the Latin words haya or haga; the Dutch, haag or hague or heij; the French, haie or haia; the Anglo-Saxon haga or hege; the English, haw, hedge, hay; the Lowland Scottish, hag, haig, haigh, hay. All mean a fence or boundary. In Arabic, the word is haugon.

In Normandy, there were lands and a lordship of Hale, a hundred years or more before the Conquest, and Le Sieur de la Hay was one of William's Knights, 1066. De Haga, le Hawe and de la Hayo are old forms of the name.

Several of the Hayes, Hays, or Hay name were among founders of towns in this country. In Connecticut, about 1645, we find Thomas at Milford, Nathaniel at Norwalk, and Richard at Lyme; in 1680, at Windsor, George, and in Dover, N. H., John.

One of the founders of Newark, N. J., along with the Cranes, Treats and a few others, were descendants of Thomas of Milford, and of the Hayes' name.

George of Windsor is supposed to have been born in Scotland and a Hay. He added "s" or "es" to his name after arriving in this country, or he had lived in England before coming here, and had there added the extra two letters to his name.

George married, for his second wife, Abigail Dibol, or more probably Dibble, (who would be a Dibol, if Dibble was just as easy?) Their wedding day was August 29, 1683. As George had three children by his first wife, he must have been married when he came to this country. He was the proud father of 11—five were sons. He died at Simsburg, 1725, and his name—signed to his will—is spelled Hays. How a man spelled his name, however, in Colonial times, tells for nothing. We of to-day know very much better how George should spell his, and Hayes is the way. Enough said.

Now, his eldest son wrote his name "Daniel Hais." But he furnishes so much romance—although "romance" was probably not his name for it—to the story, that we are quite willing to allow him any privileges in the way of orthography. Time fails to go into his story in detail, but he was carried away by Indians to Canada, where he was kept four or five years. He finally found his way home again, and in 1720, built a house at Simsburg, of which the foundation walls still remain. He is a good ancestor to claim, if you can, for he was in the war called after Queen Anne. His is the oldest stone in the old Salmon Brook cemetery. Daniel married Martha Holcombe, first; Sarah Lee, second; Mary——, third, and he had a large family.

Richard, the immigrant, married Patience Mack, and they had nine olive branches. Richard was a lieutenant in the French and Indian war.

Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth president, was descended from George of Windsor.

George Hay of Virginia married a daughter of President Monroe.

Heitman's "Officers of the American Revolution" gives the following names: From Pennsylvania, Lieutenants Patrick, Samuel, Udney and William Hay from; Virginia, Surgeon Joseph Hay.

From New Jersey, Maj. Samuel Hayes; from Virginia, Lieut. Thomas Hayes.

From New Jersey, Ensign John Hays; from Virginia, Ensigns Andrew and Robert and Capt. John Hays; from North Carolina, Ensign Robert Hays; from Georgia, Lieut. Arthur Hays.

Every one knows the story of Moll Pitcher, the revolutionary heroine Her name, however, was not Moll Pitcher. She was born Mary Ludwig and married John Hayes of Pennsylvania, an artillerist. As a Hayes therefore, we can give her a place in our story. She went about with her husband, in the war, and is said to have fired the last shot at Fort Clinton. When the fight was on, she carried water with which to swab out the guns. In those days, water buckets were called pitchers. This is why she was called by the soldiers, "Moll Pitcher." There is a story that Washington made her a sergeant for her bravery at the battle of Monmouth. Two monuments have been erected to her memory; one over her grave at Carlisle, Pa., and another on the battlefield of Monmouth.

When we are told that the Hayes have strongly marked Scottish characteristics, we assent, if we know the family well, but not without a reserve. We are not willing to acknowledge that one Scottish trait is theirs, to a marked degree; that they are prudent, to the verge of exclaiming with the Highlander, that he had not been in London two hours before "bang went saxpence!"

Favorite names of an early generation, are Edward, Julius, Milton, Milo, Flavel, and Ezekiel, (there seems to have been a rare fascination about the name Ezekriel! Can any one lay hands upon a family of two or three hundred years ago that hadn't an Ezekiel?) Then other Hayes' favorites were Sarepta, Lucretia and Melissa.

The coat-of-arms illustrated is blazoned: Three escutcheons, gules.

Crest: A falcon rising, proper.

Motto: Serva Jugum—keep the yoke.

Spare Nought is the motto of the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose family name is Hay, as it is also a Hay or Hayes motto.

The Hayes of Chester, Eng., were granted arms in 1615, which is blazoned: Sable; on a chevron, argent, three leopards' heads, or, a crescent, gules.

Crest: A demi-lion holding a pheon, argent, staff, or.

Think Pleasant Thoughts.

When you are dropping off to sleep try to think of something pleasant and don't screw up your eyes and draw down the corners of your mouth, for both these habits help to bring wrinkles.

But really one needs to think pleasant thoughts in the day time, too, says Home Chat.

Pleasant thoughts bring a pleasant expression to the face, which, as the years go on, becomes permanent.

The people you meet who have pleasant expressions are the ones who have never allowed hard or unkind or discontented thoughts to find a resting place in their minds.

HOW THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

Fragment of Conversation Overheard When the Dear Girls Were Together.

"Say, Jen," said Kittie, the brunette, with white sidecombs in her hair, "I see Mamie has bleached her hair again. Ain't it terrible?"

"Yes—perfectly awful!" replied Jennie. "She asked me if I would do it if I were she, and I said 'yes.' Don't she look perfectly dreadful—and it's getting streaked already. You could tell in a minute it was bleached, the roots are so dark."

"Sure. I noticed that!" responded Katie. "And, say, did you see the rag of a dress she had on yesterday? And it's fit—gracious! Looked perfectly dreadful, didn't it?"

"Perfectly dreadful," echoed Jennie.

"Well, she wanted a pattern, and I gave her the one of that dark blue silk I had three years ago," said Katie.

"You did?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh!"

"And the hat she was wearing," continued Katie. "Did you get your optics on that?"

"Yes."

"Perfect sight, wasn't it?"

"Where did she get it?"

"Oh, down at Moody's. I helped her pick it out," was Katie's reply. "Why—why—here comes Mamie now," she continued. "Hello, Mamie, you dear, sweet thing. How nice you look—too darling for anything!"

"Yes, indeed!" added Jennie. "You do look perfectly charming. Say, let's all go and get some soda."

And the three friends walked away together.

BERLIN'S VERY RICH MISER

Albrecht Plaut, Though Possessed of Enormous Wealth, Lived in the Utmost Simplicity.

In the death of Privy Councilor Albrecht Plaut, the most notorious miser and wealthiest resident of the German capital, has been lost. Eighty years old, he was a daring speculator who built up a fortune as head of a firm of brokers. Fifty thousand dollars was his annual payment in income tax. Yet he had no servants and lived in a tiny Charlottenburg flat.

His luncheon generally consisted of thin bread and butter, which he took with him to the Zoological gardens almost every day. It is related that in an expansive mood one day he spent two cents for a glass of beer at a bar in the gardens. Not liking the beer he sent in a demand to the manager for the return of the money, and did not stamp the envelope.

At a family gathering each guest found a covered dish before him marked "A gift from Privy Councilor Plaut." But their anticipation was in excess of the reality—for inside was only an apple.

May Take His Choice.

Horling—Fevham is in a nice pickle; he was having his temperature taken yesterday and swallowed the doctor's thermometer. Ripraff—What did the doctor say? Horling—Said Fevham would have to give him $100 for the loss of the instrument, or the same amount to operate for its recovery.